Sport.

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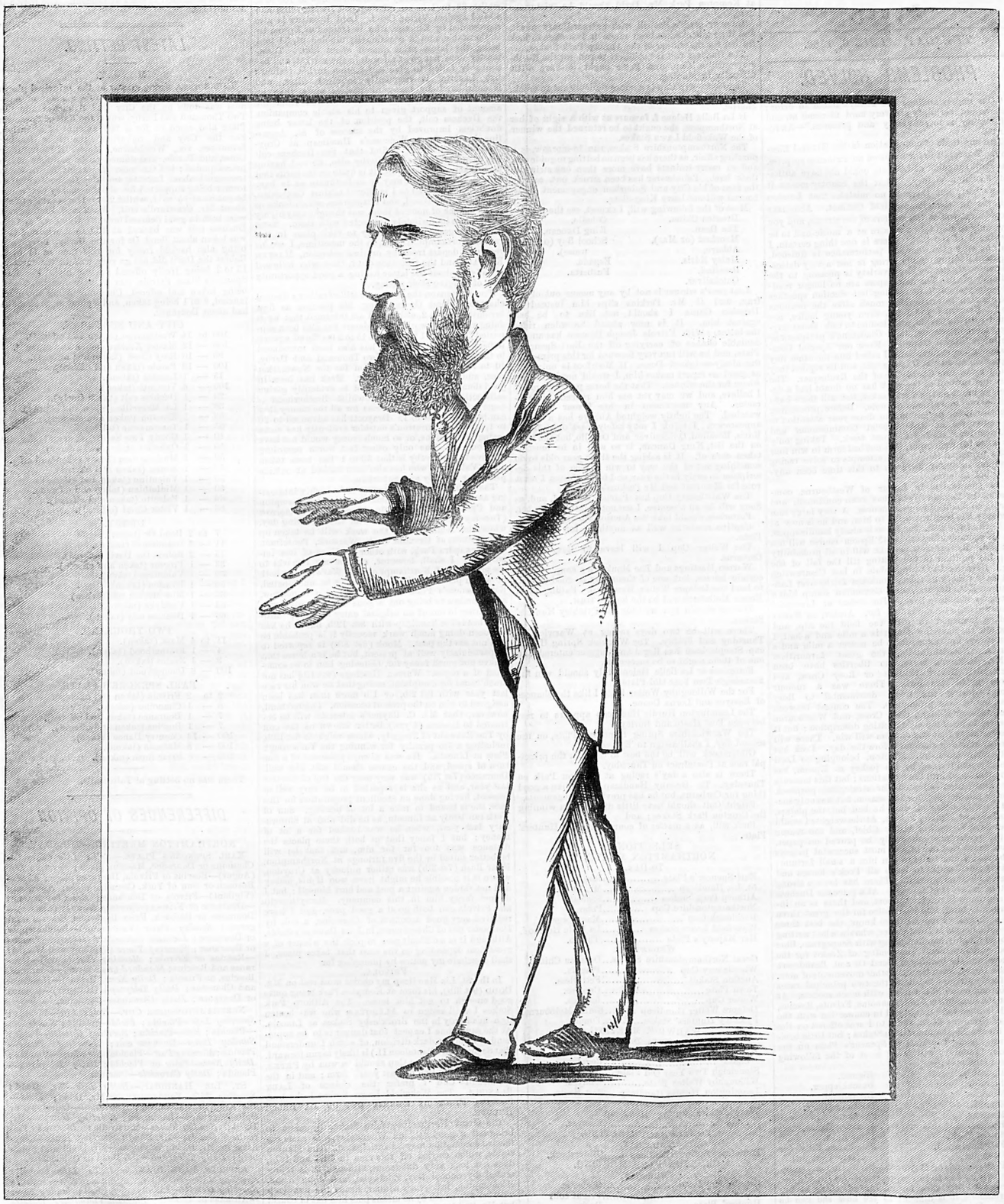

THE COMING PREMIER.

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SPENCER COMPTON, MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, is the eldest son and heir of William Spencer, sixth Duke of Devonshire, and was born on the 23rd of July, 1833, so that he is now in his forty-seventh year. The Cavendish family can claim a very ancient descent, going back to Sir John Cavendish, who married the daughter of John de Odynseles, who was Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1366. The Marquis of Hartington has from an early period taken an active part in political affairs, and was the acknowledged leader of the Opposition in the late Parliament when he discharged the difficult duties attached to his position with undoubted tact and ability. He is a Privy Councillor and Colonel of the 2nd Derbyshire Militia, and has also filled the important posts of a Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary for the War Department, Postmaster-General, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lord Hartington is at present contesting North-East Lancashire in the Liberal interest, having being already returned for the Radnor Burghs; and there is every probability that on the expected accession of the Party to which he belongs to power he will be at the head of the new Ministry.

Whig and Tory scratch and bite
Just as hungry dogs, we see:
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight;
Throw a couple, they agree.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

For many years Lord Hartington has been a member of the Jockey Club, and has at all times taken the greatest interest in matters connected with the Turf. He generally has about a dozen horses in training, which are under the charge of the Brothers Bloss at Newmarket, where Mr. H. Chaplin's horses are also trained.

Although he has never won any of the great three-year-old races, Lord Hartington has had a very fair share of luck in handicaps, those useful mares, Belphœbe and Rylstone, having frequently carried his colours home in the van. With the former he has been successful in the Liverpool Cup and Manchester Handicap, besides other events, and with the latter he won the Lewes Handicap three years in succession.

As a speaker he is earnest and fluent, his arguments invariably having a close connection with the subject under discussion, and being well to the point.

LETTER-WRITERS.

Communications intended for insertion in SPORT *must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

R. N.—Impossible to say.——OXFORD.—Not the slightest difficulty.——M. T. S.—Cannot depart from the rules.——AN ADMIRER.—It is not everyone who cares to have his name published.——RED HACKLE.—Cannot accept.——MIDLOTHIAN.—It does not matter to us. Adhere to the principles which please you the most.——PUNTER.—You would like to know our infallible system, we daresay. When we have won that million we will communicate with you.——OLD TORY.—It is a capital suggestion, but how is it to be carried out?

Sport.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1880.

PROBLEMS SOLVED.

"Our understandings are always liable to error; Nature and certainty are very hard to come at, and infallibility is mere vanity and pretence."—ANTONINUS.

THE one topic of conversation is the General Election. The result so far has been an immense surprise. The most sanguine of Liberals could not have anticipated such a victory. What the country means it knows best, but there is no mistake that London believes in the Beaconsfield Cabinet. Abundant proofs meet you at the corners of the streets, and you have only to step into a theatre or a music-hall to be convinced of the fact. There is one thing certain, I shall be very glad when the performance is finished. Paganini fiddling on one string is not a very delectable entertainment. More variety is pleasing to the ordinary mind. The newspapers are no longer readable—they are full of nothing but election speeches and election returns. How much alike the orations are! Everyone you meet, even young ladies, are bitten with the mania, and decline to talk about anything more interesting than Gladstone's prospects or the latest Liberal triumph. Even our Special Commissioner has succumbed. I asked him the other day a question about the Duchess colt, and he replied they would make him Chancellor of the Exchequer. The noise and turmoil of the week has no doubt had a depressing effect on the Turf market, but still there have been several movements of note. Before proceeding to notice them permit me to draw your attention to the successes of the Special Commissioner and "Eagleswing" during the past week. Taking only one horse for each event, it is not bad form to win four of the principal races. The attempts to solve racing problems in SPORT have up to this time been anything but failures.

The commission in favour of Westbourne, commenced in Passion Week, has been continued, and there is no doubt of its genuineness. A very large sum of money has been entrusted to him, and he is now at the head of the poll. The horse is nicely handicapped, but his enemies allege that the Epsom course will not suit him. Be that as it may, he will in all probability keep his position in the betting till the fall of the flag. His second to Chippendale in last Cesarewitch and easy victory in the Newmarket Derby over Lancastrian, Zut, Ruperra, and Caxtonian stamp him a first-class handicap horse. The defeat at Liverpool afterwards can be accounted for. Archer, on Master Kildare, managed to give the field the slip, and although they say the course is a mile and a half, I have always understood it to be nearer a mile and a quarter. Notwithstanding the great favouritism of Mr. Gretton's horse, no liberties have been taken with Master Kildare or Rosy Cross, and Parole holds his own. There was a rumour current during the week detrimental to Rosy Cross, but it was groundless. The contest between Parole, Master Kildare, Rosy Cross, and Westbourne promises to be of the most exciting description; but it is no certainty that one of them will win. There will be many startling changes before the day. Peck has yet to show his hand. Kineton, belonging to Lord Rosebery, and trained by his jockey at Epsom, has been introduced into the quotations; but this measure may have been adopted for strategical purposes. Kineton ran eleven times last season, but was only successful on one occasion, when he had but the platers, Macadam and Winnie, to beat. At the weights I would rather have Visconti or Victor Chief, and the reason for the preference can easily be proved on paper. I have heard that one of our most successful jockeys has backed Victor Chief to win him a small fortune; but it is much better to leave all Peck's horses and Kineton alone at present. There has been a strong reaction in favour of Lucetta. At a price the Duchess colt continues to receive support, and there is an inclination to bring him into notice for the great three year old races. From what we know, the best three year old engaged is Toastmaster, who since last writing has been roughly handled, along with Scapegrace, Blue Blood, and Japonica. The coming of Zealot for the Guineas, and the backing of Bend Or and Beaudesert for the Derby, have been the other movements of note.

A feeble attempt to bet on the two principal races at Northampton did not meet with much success. At about the same price, 6 to 1, Chanoine, Frivola, Roscius, and Douranee were mentioned in connection with the Earl of Spencer's Plate, and 4 to 1 was offered on the field for the Northamptonshire Stakes; but little business was done. The Earl of Spencer's Plate on the first day (Tuesday) will bring most of the following horses to the post:—

Douranee.	Elemer.
Frivola.	Buschklepper.
Monk.	Dreamland.
Zanoni.	Death or Glory.
Massena.	Zuleika.
Roscius.	Country Dance.
Sun of York.	Friar Rush.
Fair Rosamond.	Salamanca Filly (or
Chanoine.	Merry Thought).

If Peck depends on Douranee—the betting and training reports lead us to this supposition—7st 7lb will not prevent her being very formidable. Looking at her performances, it is difficult to see how she can be beaten. It is true she succumbed to Song at Northampton—the first time she ran—but how often do we see good horses make unsuccessful *débuts!* Her next race she won by four lengths. She then carried off the Mostyn Stakes at Chester. She was in public thirteen times, and secured in very good company no fewer than nine winning brackets. Joseph Dawson has in Frivola and Typhoon two fast animals just suited for the course, and he will probably rely upon the former. The credentials of Frivola are good, but they do not equal those of Douranee, and the Duke of Westminster's filly ought to be able to give the former 7lb. Monk has attempted to pull off the prize on one or two occasions, and I do not think he will be more successful this time. He is an uncertain horse, whose chance is very likely to be destroyed at the start. Zanoni finished up last season by winning two races, and there is considerable merit in the Hartington Plate performance, but it is like putting Tower and Sword in the Earl Spencer's Plate at 9st 2lb. I do not know enough of Massena to recommend him. On the Lincoln running Roscius must be marked dangerous. His stable companion, Warren Hastings, who won this race last year, seems to be out of form. There is a good race in Sun of York, but the patrons of Humphrey's stable are not unlikely to row in the same boat with Peck. Bloss's pair do not appear to have much chance, but Friar Rush has an outside chance. Red Archer would be more at home on a longer course, and Fair Rosamond will be outclassed. I am told that Mr. Naylor has with Chanoine an excellent chance of winning the race. Five unsuccessful races last year do not speak much in his favour. The remaining candidates — Buschklepper, Elemer, Country Dance, Dreamland, Death or Glory, and Zuleika—cannot beat Douranee and Roscius, to whom I will leave the race.

The remaining five races on the first day seem to be good things, and backers ought to have money to their credit at the end of the Northampton Meeting. The St. Liz Handicap has secured a good entry, including Elf King, King Duncan, Quicksilver, Mr. Dodd, Spitzberg, and Vanderhum, and on the running at Kempton Park Mr. Dodd should be victorious here.

Rumour credits Scobell with extraordinary merit, and if no mistake has been made it is useless to look further for the winner of the Althorp Park Stakes.

The Duchess colt is not likely to run for the Northamptonshire Cup, and Peter ought to have little difficulty in winning.

The Buccleugh Cup is a more difficult nut to crack, and I must leave the issue to MacGeorge and Miss Sharpe.

If La Belle Helene f. favours us with a sight of her at Northampton, she ought to be returned the winner of the Wakefield Lawn Stakes.

The Northamptonshire Stakes, run to-morrow, is a puzzling affair, as there has been no betting to guide one, and so many trainers have more than one string to their bow. Palmbearer has been struck out, and in the face of his City and Suburban engagement Westbourne will not leave Kingsclere.

Most of the following will, I expect, see the post:—

Dresden China.	Othello.
The Dean.	King Duncan.
Moorfoot (or Mar).	School Boy (or Edel-
Abbaye.	weiss).
Muley Edris.	Espada.
Rosalind.	Fusberta.
Quicksilver.	

Last year's winner is not by any means out of the fray, and if Mr. Perkins slips him instead of Dresden China I should not like to be bad against him. It is now stated Snowden rides the latter. With Frivola Joseph Dawson has an undeniable chance of carrying off the Earl Spencer's Plate, and he will run very forward for this prize with the nicely-weighted Dean. If Moorfoot is only half as good as report makes him, I would not look elsewhere for the winner. That the horse possesses merit I believe, and we may yet see him redeem his character. Any movement in his favour must be watched. The lightly weighted Abbaye has a taking appearance. I think I may safely pass over Muley Edris, Rosalind, Quicksilver, and Othello, but the next on the list, King Duncan, is so well in he must be taken care of. It is asking the three year olds to do something out of the way to win a race of this description so early in the year, and in conclusion I must vote for Moorfoot and Mr Perkins's best.

The Whittlebury Cup has Placida engaged, and, as Song will be an absentee, I see nothing to oppose her.

Fetterless should take the Auction Stakes.

Captive reads as well as anything for the Town Plate.

The Welter Cup I will leave to Roscius and Cerberus.

Warren Hastings and The Monk are a couple of uncertain horses, but one of them may be good enough to land the Delapre Welter Handicap. Failing them Emma Melbourne will be the best to trust.

Timour should run well for the Pytchley Hunters' Stakes.

There will be two days' racing at Warwick on Thursday and Friday. The Warwick Spring Handicap Steeplechase has Regal and Juggler entered, and one of them ought to be successful.

Fetterless or La Belle Helene filly should win the Stoneleigh Two Year Old Plate.

For the Willoughby Welter Plate I like the chances of Essayez and Lorna Doone.

The Leamington Hurdle Handicap appears to rest between Post Haste and Burley.

The Warwickshire Spring Handicap Plate, on the second day, I shall assign to Essayez.

Gildersbeck will be the best to trust for the principal race at Pontefract on Thursday.

There is also a day's racing at Croxton Park on Thursday. The Granby Handicap reads like a good thing for Cerberus, but he has previous engagements.

Fright Colt should have little difficulty in winning the Croxton Park Stakes; and

Puck will, as a matter of course, take the Hunters' Plate.

SELECTIONS.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

TO-DAY.

Earl Spencer's Plate.....Roscius.
St. Liz Handicap .....Mr. Dodd.
Althorp Park Stakes .....Scobell.
Northamptonshire Cup .....Peter.
Buccleugh Cup .....Macgeorge.
Wakefield Lawn Stakes .....La Belle Helene f.
Her Majesty's Plate .....Thurio.

WEDNESDAY.

Great Northamptonshire Stakes...Dresden China.
Whittlebury Cup .....Placida.
Auction Stakes .....Fetterless.
Town Plate .....Captive.
Welter Cup .....Roscius.
Delapre Welter Handicap .....Emma Melbourne.
Pytchley Hunters' Stakes.....Timour.

WARWICK MEETING.

THURSDAY.

Warwick Spring Handicap Steeplechase .....Regal.
Stoneleigh Two Year Old Plate ...Fetterless.
Willoughby Welter Plate.....Essayez.
Leamington Hurdle Handicap ...Post Haste.

FRIDAY.

Warwickshire Spring Handicap Plate .....Essayez.

PONTEFRACT MEETING.

THURSDAY.

Pontefract Spring Handicap .....Gildersbeck.

CROXTON PARK MEETING.

THURSDAY.

Granby Handicap .....Cerberus.
Croxton Park Stakes .....Fright colt.
Hunters' Plate.....Puck.

EAGLESWING.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

THE results are as follows:—

The first prize will have to be divided amongst three individuals, viz., R. Dale, Nottingham; Merton, Birmingham; and Roscies, South Street, Greenwich.

The second prize will have to be divided amongst the following individuals—J. Arthur Denny, 24, Cedar Road, Walham Green; F. R. U., Hampton; Edmund Chambers, 106, Fenchurch Street, London; Fly-by-Night, Twickenham; Strongbow, Liverpool; J. S. N., Woolwich; and George Forrester, 5, Bassett Street, Kentish Town, London.

Post-office orders will be forwarded.

Several irregularities again took place. It is imperative that the selections should be written on the printed coupon. No selection must be made for races not mentioned on the coupon. Many letters did not reach the Editor in time.

NORTHAMPTON & WARWICK.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,
LATE OF THE "SPORTING LIFE."

SINCE I wrote last week on the City and Suburban some important changes have taken place—Elf King having been struck out of the race, whilst Mr. Crawfurd's colt by Rosicrucian out of Duchess, of whom I then made favourable mention, and about whom 50 to 1 was obtainable, has advanced to less than half that price. Westbourne has passed Master Kildare in the quotations, and on Saturday 100 to 14 was accepted about him, 100 to 12 being taken about Lord Hastings' horse, whilst Rosy Cross and Parole were both very firm at 9 to 1 and 11 to 1 respectively, taken and offered. Visconti seems to be the one meant from the Russley team, and is now at 100 to 6, whilst 33 to 1 is on offer against La Merveille and 40 to 1 against Victor Chief. Lord Rosebery is also represented by Kineton, who is trained at Epsom by C. Constable, and is occasionally nibbled at, 33 to 1 being the latest price quoted about him. Toastmaster does not go at all well in the market, and has probably failed to give satisfaction to his trainer; but Lucetta is frequently inquired after, and is considered by many to possess more than an outside chance. Sombrero has suffered from the amount of support given to his stable companion, the Duchess colt, the position of the latter being doubtless improved by the success of St. Augustine in the Great Welcome's Handicap at Croydon on Thursday. I find that the Duchess colt has been backed for the Derby also, 60 to 1 having been taken about him, and it is quite on the cards that in him Mr. Crawfurd may be so fortunate as to have another Sefton. 50 to 1 is offered against Caxtonian, Japonica, Blue Blood, and Scapegrace, which looks as if the chance of none of them was thought very highly of by those immediately connected with them. Some other changes are not unlikely to take place in this race at Northampton; but, in the meantime, I see no reason to depart from my original selection, MASTER KILDARE and the DUCHESS COLT, those who followed my advice about the latter having a good opportunity now of hedging their money.

Transactions on the Derby are still of rather a limited character Bend Or retaining his position as first favourite at 7 to 2, although I am informed that he is doing very little work. Beaudesert has also been supported freely at 11 to 2, whilst 15 to 2 is offered against Robert the Devil. Zealot has also been introduced to the market for both the Two Thousand and Derby, 10 to 1 being taken about him for the Newmarket race, and 40 to 1 for the Derby. Mask has been in good demand for both races, and is evidently giving satisfaction to his trainer, whilst Brotherhood is eagerly backed for the Guineas for all the money that can be got on at 4 to 1. Draycott has advanced to 20 to 1, and Mr. J. Gretton's outsider evidently has some racing pretensions, or so much money would not have gone on him. The only other fact worth recording relative to the Derby is that 50 to 1 has been taken about Valentino, who has also been backed at outside prices for the City and Suburban.

The racing this week promises to be highly interesting and important. The time-honoured Northampton and Pytchley Hunt meeting commences to-morrow (Tuesday), and will continue over the following day, whilst the remainder of the week will be taken up with fixtures at Croxton Park, Warwick, Pontefract, and Alexandra Park, with other meetings of less importance. I shall, however, confine my remarks to the prospects of Northampton and Warwick, at both of which places excellent sport may be anticipated. Earl Spencer's Plate is set for decision to-morrow, and promises to bring out a good field, twenty-seven remaining in out of an original entry of sixty. Rosbach heads the handicap with 8st 12lb, but as he has not been doing much work recently it is probable he will not see the post. Monk (8st 8lb) is reported to be particularly well at present, but he is a horse that I have not much fancy for, believing him to be somewhat of a rogue. Warren Hastings (8st 11b) has not much cause for complaint, seeing that he won his race last year with 8st 2lb, or 11b more than has been assigned to him on the present occasion. I understand, however, that Mr. C. Rayner's interests will be entrusted to Roscius (4 yrs.), better known as the colt by The Rake out of Tragedy, whose weight is 6st 13lb, including a 5lb penalty for winning the Yarborough Plate at Lincoln. He was always possessed of a fine turn of speed, and the course should suit him well. Douranee (7st 7lb) was very near the top of the tree last year, and as she is reported to be very well at present, having done an excellent preparation for this race, she is bound to take a lot of beating. Sun of York ran badly at Lincoln, as he did also at Shrewsbury last year, when he was backed for a lot of money; but I fancy that at both these places the distance was too far for him, and that he will be better suited by the five furlongs at Northampton. Friar Rush (7st 3lb) was rather unlucky at Croydon, where it is possible he might have won if his jockey had not ridden against a post and hurt himself; but I do not fancy him in this company. Merrythought and Frivola can both go at a good pace, and I have received very good accounts of Chanoine, a colt by Doncaster out of Chanoinesse, in John Dawson's stable. Although it is a difficult race to pick the winner of, a great deal depending on the start that takes place, I shall conclude my notice by plumping for

FRIVOLA.

In the St. Liz Handicap my choice must rest on MR. DODD (9st 3lb), his form at Kempton Park being quite good enough to get him home. The Althorp Park Stakes I shall assign to ALTHOTAS, who was beaten by a head only in the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. At the same time I expect that danger is to be apprehended from the dark division, of which I understand that Scobell (late Pantaloon II.) is likely to run forward. The Northamptonshire Cup should be won by PETER, if he is anything like his last year's form; and in the Buccleugh Cup I prefer the chance of LADY BLANCHE. The Wakefield Lawn Stakes looks best for the FILLY BY HERMIT OUT OF LA BELLE HELENE.

The Great Northamptonshire Stakes promises to bring out a good field on Wednesday, and some extensive speculation may be anticipated. The Manton stable, which carried off this race in 1877 and 1878, does not look very dangerous, although it is represented by School Boy, Edelweiss, and John Knox. Rochampton, last year's winner, heads the handicap with 9st 2lb, which by no means puts him out of court; but Mr. Perkins has also got Dresden China in, her weight being 8st 4lb, and it is possible he may entrust his interests to her, but for his third string, Adamite, I have no fancy. Peck is bound to have a good look in with Rhidorroch, Moorfoot, Adventure, and Mar, and of these four I prefer Moorfoot. Abbaye, which is now trained by J. Hayhoe, is not unlikely to run forward; but my sole choice must rest on THE DEAN (7st 9lb), trained by Joseph Dawson at Newmarket, which displayed excellent form at the close of last season, and is now in first-rate fettle. In the Town Plate I prefer CAPTIVE, and the Delapre Welter Handicap looks best for EMMA MELBOURNE, whilst SUTLER should be able to land the Welter Cup, Placida should win the Whittlebury Cup, and in the Auction Stakes FETTERLESS has the best credentials, whilst TIMOUR, if in the humour, ought to beat everything in the Pytchley Hunters' Stakes.

I am of necessity compelled to be rather brief in my notice of the Warwick meeting, but I understand that excellent sport is expected, cross-country events being mixed with the legitimate sport. In the Stoneleigh Two Year Old Plate on Thursday LA BELLE HELENE filly should be successful, whilst to BURLEY I shall assign the Leamington Hurdle Handicap. JUGGLER should win the Spring Steeplechase, and ESSAYEZ the Willoughby Welter. On Friday the Open Hunters' Steeplechase should fall to MUSCADIN, and the Spring Handicap Plate looks best for DELUDER.

Monday Night.

LATEST NOTES.

A rumour was current in the City yesterday that Douranee would not start for the Earl Spencer's Plate. Does this mean that the Lambourne interest is going for Sun of York?

Robert le Diable is being laid against, but for whom?

The policy of the French stable is always a mystery. Castillon, who is winning no end of races in France, was not permitted to start at Lincoln. The reason is not obvious.

LATEST BETTING.

MONDAY.

THERE was a strong muster at the principal places of resort to-day, and a considerable amount of business was done on the City and Suburban and the Two Thousand and Derby, whilst the Earl of Spencer's Plate also came in for a fair amount of attention. For the City and Suburban the four leading favourites, viz., Westbourne, Master Kildare, Rosy Cross, and Parole, maintained their positions at the prices quoted; but the most important business was transacted about Lucetta, and the Duchess colt, the former being supported for all the money that could be got on at 15 to 1, whilst 20 to 1 was taken freely about Mr. Crawfurd's colt. Mask and Brotherhood were both in good demand for the "Guineas," and the Duchess colt was backed at 100 to 8, whilst 7 to 2 was taken about Bend Or for the Derby, Beaudesert being also backed freely for this race at 11 to 2. Robert the Devil did not go very well in the market, 15 to 2 being freely offered against him. For Earl Spencer's Plate Frivola was in best demand, 9 to 2 being taken and offered, Chanoine being the next fancied, 6 to 1 being taken, and a point more could be had about Douranee.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

100 to 14 Westbourne (taken and offered).
100 — 12 Master Kildare (taken and offered).
90 — 10 Rosy Cross (taken and offered).
100 — 10 Parole (taken and offered).
15 — 1 Lucetta (taken).
100 — 6 Visconti (taken).
20 — 1 Duchess colt (taken freely).
33 — 1 La Merveille (taken and offered).
33 — 1 Kineton (taken and offered).
33 — 1 Toastmaster (taken).
40 — 1 Goody Two Shoes (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Cylinder (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Muskets dam (freely taken and off.).
50 — 1 Simba (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Valentino (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Midlothian (taken and offered).
66 — 1 Falsetto (taken and offered).
66 — 1 Victor Chief (offered).

DERBY.

7 to 2 Bend Or (taken).
11 — 2 Beaudesert (taken).
15 — 2 Robert the Devil (offered).
33 — 1 Proctor (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Valentino (taken).
50 — 1 Evasion (taken).
66 — 1 Miss Marion colt (taken).
66 — 1 Vandyke (taken).
66 — 1 Duchess colt (taken).

TWO THOUSAND.

11 to 4 Mask (taken).
4 — 1 Brotherhood (taken).
9 — 1 Zealot (taken).
100 — 8 Duchess colt (taken).

EARL SPENCER'S PLATE.

9 to 2 Frivola (taken and offered).
6 — 1 Chanoine (taken).
7 — 1 Douranee (taken and offered).
7 — 1 Roscius (taken and offered).
100 — 12 Country Dance (taken).
100 — 8 Massena (taken).
100 — 8 Friar Rush (taken).

There was no betting at Tattersalls.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.—TUESDAY.

EARL SPENCER'S PLATE.—*Bell's Life* (Bleys)—Chanoine or Dcuranee, Massena place; *Sporting Life* (Augur)—Roscius or Frivola, Douranee place; *Field*—Rosbach or Sun of York, Chanoine place; *Sportsman* (Vigilant)—Frivola or Douranee; *Era* (Touchstone)—Douranee or Frivola; *Sporting Gazette* (Censor)—Douranee or Rosbach, Friar Rush and Roscius dangerous; *Sunday Times* (Vaticinator)—Buschklepper or Douranee; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Roscius or Douranee; *Sporting Times* (Vigilant and Wizard)—Roscius or Frivola; *Morning Post* (Pavo)—Douranee and Roscius; *Standard* (Asmodeus)—Douranee, Roscius, or Frivola; *Daily News* (Meteor)—Douranee and Chanoine; *Daily Telegraph* (Hotspur)—Roscius or Douranee; *Daily Chronicle*—Chanoine.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP.—*Bell's Life*—Placida; *Sporting Life*—Placida; *Field*—Placida; *Sportsman*—Placida; *Era*—Placida; *Sporting Gazette*—Peter; *Sunday Times*—Duchess colt; *Sporting Times*—Placida; *Morning Post*—Placida; *Standard*—Placida; *Daily News*—Peter or Placida; *Daily Telegraph*—Placida; *Daily Chronicle*—Placida.

ST. LIZ HANDICAP.—*Bell's Life*—Mr. Dodd; *Sporting Life*—Vanderhunn or Mr. Dodd; *Field*—Elf King or Quicksilver; *Sportsman*—Lansdown or Spitzberg; *Era*—Lansdown; *Sporting Gazette*—Mr. Dodd; *Sunday Times*—Martivalle; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Mr. Dodd; *Sporting Times*—Kingfisher or Mr. Dodd; *Standard*—Mr. Dodd and Spitzberg; *Daily Telegraph*—Mr. Dodd or Quicksilver.

ALTHORP PARK STAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Scobell: *Sporting Life*—Scobell or Althotas; *Era*—Scobell; *Sporting Gazette*—Althotas or Scobell; *Sunday Times*—Althotas or Scobell; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Pilgrim or Cremona colt; *Sporting Times*—Althotas or Pilgrim; *Morning Post*—Scobell; *Standard*—Scobell and Althotas; *Daily News*—Scobell; *Daily Telegraph*—Scobell; *Daily Chronicle*—Tisiphone colt.

BUCCLEUCH CUP.—*Bell's Life*—McGeorge or Bishop Burton; *Sporting Life*—Lady Blanche or Lord Sidmouth; *Field*—Lady Blanche; *Sportsman*—Lady Blanche; *Era*—Lanjaron or Miss Sharpe; *Sporting Gazette*—McGeorge; *Sunday Times*—McGeorge or Lanjaron; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Lord Sidmouth or Warren Hastings; *Sporting Times*—Warren Hastings; *Morning Post*—Miss Sharpe; *Standard*—McGeorge.

WAKEFIELD LAWN.—*Bell's Life*—Redlock; *Sporting Life*—La Belle Helene; *Field*—Redlock; *Sportsman*—La Belle Helene; *Sunday Times*—La Belle Helene; *Morning Post*—La Belle Helene or Redlock; *Standard*—La Belle Helene or Redlock; *Daily Telegraph*—Redlock.

WEDNESDAY.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Mr. Perkins's best or Abbaye; *Sporting Life*—King Duncan or The Dean; *Field*—Jester or The Dean; *Sportsman*—Abbaye or The Dean; *Era*—Dresden China 1,

Moorfoot 2, Abbaye 3; *Sporting Gazette*—Adventure or Moorfoot; *Sunday Times*—Dresden China or Lord Rosebery's best; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Moorfoot or Abbaye; *Sporting Times*—Abbaye or Dresden China; *Morning Post*—Dresden China and Mar; *Standard*—Dresden China or Abbaye, The Dean a place; *Daily News*—Moorfoot or Abbaye; *Daily Telegraph*—Moorfoot or Dresden China; *Daily Chronicle*—Mr. Perkins's or Abbaye.

AUCTION STAKES.—*Sporting Life*—Cash or Fetterless; *Field*—Fetterless; *Era*—Cash or Fetterless; *Sporting Gazette*—Fetterless; *Sunday Times*—Merry England or Blue Danube; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Cash; *Sporting Times*—Cash; *Morning Post*—Fetterless and Cash; *Standard*—Fetterless.

TOWN PLATE.—*Bell's Life*—Captive; *Sporting Life*—Goshawk or Lord Sidmouth; *Sunday Times*—Lord Sidmouth or Captive; *Sporting Times*—Captive or Playaway; *Morning Post*—Captive; *Standard*—Captive.

WELTER CUP.—*Bell's Life*—Lyceum; *Sporting Life*—Sutler or Kingfisher; *Field*—Elf King or Tower and Sword; *Sunday Times*—Troy or Vanquisher; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Sutler or Whackum; *Sporting Times*—Kingfisher or Mantlet; *Daily Telegraph*—Bishop Burton or Tower and Sword.

PYTCHLEY HUNTERS.—*Bell's Life*—Timour or Alarmist; *Sporting Life*—Florentine or Timour; *Field*—Timour or Florentine; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Timour; *Sporting Times*—Merry England; *Daily Telegraph*—Alarmist or Timour.

WHITTLEBURY CUP.—*Bell's Life*—Placida; *Sporting Life*—Placida; *Sportsman*—Placida; *Era*—Placida; *Sporting Gazette*—Placida; *Sunday Times*—Placida; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Placida; *Sporting Times*—Placida; *Morning Post*—Placida and Falmouth; *Standard*—Placida; *Daily News*—Placida; *Daily Telegraph*—Placida; *Daily Chronicle*—Placida.

DELAPRE WELTER.—*Bell' Life*—Lyceum or Emma Melbourne; *Sporting Life*—Merrythought or Emma Melbourne; *Field*—Emma Melbourne; *Sunday Times*—Fair Rosamond or Antycera; *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*—Lyceum or Death and Glory; *Sporting Times*—Hudibras or Antycera; *Daily Telegraph*—Emma Melbourne.

NOTES.

—:o:—

THE past week, as was to be expected, and as has always been the case in previous years, was a particularly busy one in the sporting world. There were race meetings *ad libitum*, athletic gatherings enough and to spare, and bicycle competitions sufficient to satisfy, in point of numbers, the most exacting admirer of the steel steed. Pedestrianism pure and simple has also been represented by the Easter Handicap at Sheffield, and pedestrianism neither pure nor simple by monotonous "mixings" throughout the country, as well as by a so-called fifty miles championship in the metropolis. Then last, but not least, there has been the big billiard match between Cook and Mitchell. With the national pastime of the turf I have nothing in these columns to do, but there is material for criticism as well as reflection in all the other departments alluded to, and I shall at once proceed with my week's jottings.

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Imprimis, the Cook *versus* Mitchell billiard match. This dual encounter bristles with salient points, and I am at a loss how or where to make that beginning which is proverbially so difficult. As I anticipated, victory has rested with Mitchell, but as I also expressed my opinion, the Sheffield spot-striker did not play up to his recent form. I should have been surprised had he done so. Playing for money and playing a mere exhibition are two very different things, and even the gamest in the world in all branches of sport seldom undergo this crucial test to their own or their supporters' satisfaction. But a truce to such general statements. When this particular engagement was entered into, it was generally considered that the "spot stroke" would decide the match. Upon it Mitchell's hopes of success were built, for although deficient, in comparison with his accomplished opponent, in all-round play, he was considered at least his equal, and mayhap his superior, at the disappearing process in connection with the red. Still, on all hands it was admitted that Cook had been too liberal in the points given away, and that he would require to exhibit his very best form, and to have none the worst of the luck, to come through the ordeal with flying colours. Immediately on his return from India his play was neither steady nor precise; but after the ratification of the match he improved hand over hand, and in some of his preparatory practice which I had the pleasure of witnessing, I noticed that he played with confidence, and this in a billiard match is a great part of the battle.

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THE arrangements in connection with the affair were first-class. The great hall at St. James's was admirably laid out, and all present secured a good sight of the entire game. The attendance was a bumper one, and has never been equalled since the memorable occasion ten years ago, when Cook made his *debut* against the elder Roberts. The spectators also were as enthusiastic as they were numerous, and it was really refreshing, after all these years, to see a match on which genuine and, comparatively speaking, gigantic speculation took place. The betting, for billiards, was unusually heavy, and the majority of the talent elected to stand by the more experienced player. This state of affairs was brought about not so much by belief in Cook as by misgivings in regard to Mitchell, who was reported to be slightly out of sorts. He had an attack of diarrhœa, his friends said, and diarrhœa, I happen to know to my cost, in similar cases, is the result of nervousness, and of thinking too much of the job on hand. It was such reports as these, no doubt, that caused the knowing ones to lay slight odds on the tried player.

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OF the game itself much may be said. In the early part both played cautiously, Cook, however, manifesting his decided superiority in the all-round game. Mitchell, it was evident, was making all else subservient to his one stroke, and we all set aghast when, time after time, he secured position, but failed over and over again to even once make the red disappear. This was not the Mitchell we came to see, nor was it the Mitchell that we had so often seen displaying such wonderful proficiency in exhibition matches. Mock battles and real fighting were, it was quite evident, too widely different things with the Sheffielder. Nothing worthy of remark occurred in the first half of the game, but the second was not long commenced ere Cook put his supporters upon velvet, for, in a magnificent break of 246, he made the score be called "875—751." With a lead of 124 points, and within 150 points of the game, it seemed all the 5 to 1 on Cook which was so freely offered. But, alas for human foresight! luck became the north side of friendly to the favourite, and when he only put on 5, his antagonist supplemented his score by 140 odds, and again took the lead. Eleven by the champion gave him a momentary lead of 2, and the excitement in the hall was at fever pitch when Cook laid down his cue. He was destined not to raise it again, for, to the amazement of everyone, Mitchell went out with an unfinished break of 111.

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THERE can be no doubt that Mitchell's play was disappointing. The sympathies of the crowd were, it is true, more with his opponent; but when a man appears before the B. P., he must put up with the B. P.'s moods and humours. As the game progressed, his confidence increased, and he latterly showed himself to be possessed of that coolness and pluck which are somehow associated with Sheffielders. I liked the determined way in which he set to work when Cook had secured so long a lead, and at so critical a point of the game. He was in no way flustered, and handled his cue as coolly as if the odds so loudly offered on all sides had been in his favour, instead of against him. He played marvellously well in the final break, but there cannot be, I think, a doubt in any unprejudiced mind but what he was lucky in winning. This success will, however, do him good in future; his next big match won't be the trying ordeal to him that the present was; and I shall expect him to figure in vastly improved form. And when he plays a man of Cook's calibre he would stand in need to do so. Most assuredly, had Cook not experienced very hard lines, he would have been out before the other could have pulled himself together. The balls again and again broke adversely for him, but his all-round play and nursery cannons were grand to see; whilst his power of cue and judgment of strength were as perfect as of yore. When on the spot, the style of the two men was a great contrast—Cook cautious, careful, and not too rapid in his striking; Mitchell instantaneous, decided, and speedy at his work. The two are about, I understand, to again come to terms, and should the match come off, I anticipate a result similar to that of Wednesday.

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A WORD as to the lessons that may be learned from the match. The exceptionally large attendance, the enthusiasm displayed, and the money speculated, all clearly prove that genuine matches, no matter in what department of sport, are as popular now as ever. Barefaced robberies have been too frequent of late, but a long-suffering public have determined to be gulled no longer, and their absenting themselves from palpable ramps is now having the effect of giving them their quietus. The hitch which took place at the interval on Wednesday is to be regretted for Mitchell's own sake. A man who depends upon the public must keep faith with them, and I trust that the marked disapprobation with which his conduct was received will not be without its effect upon him. It was fortunate for him he did not lose the match; he might easily have done so, for when the game is critical, a storm of hisses is not likely to improve either one's equanimity or play.

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I SHALL be expected, I suppose, to say something of the fifty miles running match between Bailey and Mason, if for no other reason than it decided a championship, and was promoted by a baronet. Stripped of these two extraneous recommendations, the affair was tame in the extreme, and is scarcely worthy of a line. I am glad to say that Bailey by his success becomes absolute possessor of Sir John Astley's gift, and I hope that fifty miles championships will thereby become things of the past. It is to the jolly baronet that we are indebted for those monotonous six days' affairs, which now also, heaven be praised, are played out, at any rate in this country. As a would-be authority on, and well-wisher of, pedestrianism, I cannot conscientiously declare the Astley cups and belts to have been of much use, and Sir John himself is, I daresay, now of the same way of thinking. From first to last I have in most matters relating to pedestrianism been opposed to the owner of Scamp, and I therefore feel it incumbent on me to state that at last he has come to the front with a project with which I not only coincide, but likewise highly commend. Here are the amended conditions upon which his Ten Miles Champion Belt is to be given:—Sweepstakes of £1 each, the winner to take the stakes and belt; and with a view to encourage fast times, and in order to see whether there are really any good ten-mile men, Sir John will offer the following money-prizes: £10 to each man beating 54 min., £25 to each man beating 53 min., and £35 to all who beat 52 min. Bravo, Sir John! If the pedestrians whom you have laboured so hard to reform and encourage are worthy of one tithe of the time and trouble you have spent upon them, now is their chance to earn both your gratitude and your gold. He is a poor specimen of a distance ped who cannot beat 54 minutes for ten miles, and by so doing receive £10, even although he lose the race; nor does it necessitate a man to be more than an approximation to a "flyer" to get inside 53 minutes, and secure £25; and I have seen the day when I could pick three or four men sure to beat 52 minutes, and still have a better in the background. This I take to be Sir John's last dying effort as a patron of professional pedestrianism, and if long distance peds will not have a try for this, it is quite time, notwithstanding his quixotic ideas, to turn them up in disgust.

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SHEFFIELD may well be called the "head-quarters of pedestrianism," for pedestrianism is encouraged there as it would not be in any other town in the kingdom. On Monday last 8,000 people turned out to see the preliminary heats in the Easter Handicap. And this is what they saw:—Eight heats out of fourteen were walks over, five produced two runners each, and in one a trio faced the starter. A day's sport at head-quarters consisting of six contests, and thirteen runners! *O tempora! O mores!* In what other town in the kingdom would such a state of affairs be tolerated? No doubt everything is for the moment being cast in the shade by the General Election, and the contest in Sheffield has been exceedingly keen, and provocative of much, wagering, between Wortley and Waddy. This may be held to account for the present failure; but the two handicaps preceding this were not a great deal better. There is no getting away from the fact that Sheffield handicaps are at a very low ebb, and there does not seem much promise of amendment. Things are supposed to mend when they are at their worst. Let it be hoped they will, for although the cloud is very dark, I look in vain for the silver lining which should be there. How to account for the present state of things I do not exactly know. The scarcity of money no doubt has much to do with it, but the traces of decay were visible long before the monetary barometer sank so low. There are one or two wire-pullers—aye, and handicappers, too—who could do much to solve the mystery, and when there are no more victims to be slaughtered, they may take pity upon the sport, if not the public, and allow handicap wagering to be conducted with some pretensions to integrity.

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To say that the second day's running was an improvement on the first is not saying much, but under existing circumstances it was fairly interesting. Hudson, the favourite, became entitled to a place in the final by a second walk over, and White, of Crewe, who, it will be remembered, almost upset the last great pot, compelled Payley, of Woodhouse, to put his best foot foremost to catch the judge's eye in the second heat. The race was a fast one, and Payley just got home. Old Williamson and Simms, of Birmingham, were the other two winners. For the final the time test was favourable to Payley, on whom odds were accordingly laid, the erstwhile favourite, Hudson, coming in for recognition at 6 to 4 against. The race for the money was a remarkable one. Payley's desperate struggle with White told its tale, and he got no nearer than third, the winner turning up in Hudson, who only, however, just won by twelve inches from the 30 to 1 outside Williamson. Old Abe is a veteran amongst veterans, and although he may lag on the stage, he certainly does not tarry by the way. In the same stable as Payley, he had more than once in their preparations been beaten by him, and was only now running as second string. Had he deemed the Woodhouse man's defeat possible, and made the best of his own way from pistol fire to tape, he would, I am convinced, have been successful. He is a veritable wonder, and must be a year or two over forty years of age. I can remember his first victory at Sheffield in August, 1868. I happened to have an interest in a "real good thing"—F. Temple, of Darlington—and we considered defeat impossible. We only ran second to the oldest novice who ever appeared at Sheffield. He kept figuring prominently off back marks for years, and then came the rumour that he had been "got at" for a handicap, and so effectually had the nobbling process been accomplished, that poisoning was openly talked about. At any rate, for a lengthened period he could run none, and it was supposed had bidden adieu to the path for ever. Of his doings since his resuscitation two or three years ago my readers are cognisant. One of the few notable features in connection with the handicap was the fact that all the four who figured in the final were previous winners. I saw the same thing happen in September last, but what a different quartette then to now! Hutchens, Richards, Petley, and Baytup—I need say no more. Four such runners never before nor since went under the starter's orders at one time.

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BICYCLISTS have of course been busy at Easter, and immense crowds witnessed their exploits at Wolverhampton. Keen is not in his best form; Phillips is riding well, and will still further improve during the season; Terront and Higham ditto; Waller is bent on money-making; Derkinderen has become cocky, and made a foolish match with Keen, and will pay the penalty for his presumption.

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IT has struck me as curious how specious arguments, supposed to be founded on facts, are not always borne out by subsequent events. The great grievance metropolitan athletes had in connection with the Championship Meeting as fixed by the A.A.C. was that at Easter they had no time to practise. What is the experience of the past week? These same metropolitan athletes were scampering the over the country, pot-hunting at the different Easter gatherings, and being credited with performances that showed they were not short of training.

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THE newspapers have conveyed to me the news of the death of my dear old friend Edward John Colbeck, as grand a runner and as fine a fellow as ever lived. In '67 and '68 he was unrivalled at his own distances, and with the exception perhaps of Ellborough, never did a better quarter-mile runner don a shoe. I well remember that day at Beaufort House, when the sheep got in his way, and the great performance he then accomplished. But, for the present, I must rest satisfied by paying this last small tribute to his memory.

ROUND THE CIRCLE.

THOUGH possessed of a vigorous intellect, besides being well versed in all the learning and accomplishments of her age, Queen Elizabeth is broadly alleged to have been, from earliest womanhood to the close of her long life, a slave to the most absurd vanity. Even when she had nearly completed her seventh decade she was never, it is said, more delighted than when her courtiers extolled her beauty in terms that must have sorely tried the gravity of those present. How numerous the aspirants to her hand were during those forty-five years that she governed England we may at least form an approximate idea from the pages of history; but she had other admirers, no doubt, whose names have not been handed down to posterity. So many ardent lovers may possibly have tended to confirm her in the belief that her personal attractions were of the rarest kind. One recalls to mind that zealous Eric of Sweden, who maintained a pertinacious courtship for three years, and, despite his rejection when he got his brother to plead his cause, sent the obdurate Queen a handsome love-token in the shape of two chests of bullion and eighteen horses—the latter so curiously pied that their appearance must have excited the wildest envy in the breast of any circus manager then in existence.

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THE acceptance of this costly gift inspired some of the artists of the day with the idea of depicting Elizabeth and Eric on the same canvas; but unhappily neither of the portraits was in the slightest degree flattering, and they were therefore promptly suppressed by Royal ordinance.

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INDEED, long years after this occurrence, even when Elizabeth's wrinkles had become deep and many, a luckless Master of the Mint incurred the Royal lady's high displeasure by the issue of a shilling bearing a too faithful profile of her Majesty. The die was forthwith ordered to be broken, and but one specimen of the coin from it is known to be in existence. It is true that Holbein's pictures of her in her youth were sufficiently flattering to meet with some favour, and Zucchero, as well as his more able brother of the palette, De Heere, managed to avoid the pitfall of too closely following the features of the original; but for the last twenty years of her life "the Virgin Queen" distrusted the gallantry of all limners, and peremptorily refused to give sittings to any of them.

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REFLECTING upon this fact, it strikes me that if the maiden Queen had lived in the present day, I could readily imagine with what horror and indignation she would have shrunk from any proposals to submit her face to the too faithful portraiture of that luminary which is said to be always shining with exemplary loyalty on some part of our present Queen's dominions.

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BUT the sun, for all that, is no respecter of persons, and in the matter of taking likenesses it always refuses to improve upon nature. The simple dewdrops may sparkle like diamonds in his rays, and the meanest atom in creation under the same influence may assume an aspect of incomparable beauty, but a snub-nose or an ill-cut mouth gains nothing from him.

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INDEED, the tendency of Phœbus is rather to exaggerate the defects of a face than to disguise them, so I suppose that a photographer would have fared even worse than the painters did who tried to induce Elizabeth to give sittings for her likeness in those latter years of her life.

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VERY different in feeling on that point is the gracious lady who now occupies the throne. Hardly had Her Majesty reached her destination in Germany the other day, than an enterprising Teuton humbly solicited the favour of being allowed to photograph the illustrious visitor, and the Queen, with her usual good nature, consented. Without loss of time "the counterfeit presentment" thus easily obtained was multiplied into many thousands, and the result is now to be seen in an irruption of cartes which have appeared in the shop windows of Berlin and elsewhere. This photograph makes the Queen look so ghastly and worn that everybody is asking if she has come to Germany for the benefit of her failing health.

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BUT another explanation was given "under the lindens" a day or two since, according to a German paper.

TALL MAN. But this Queen Victoria now at Baden, have you seen her portraits in the shops? Ach, how she is changed since I saw her in London twenty years ago!

SHORT MAN. Ja who!

TALL MAN. Why, this new portrait of her makes me think that she is as dangerously ill as the Empress of Russia is at this moment.

SHORT MAN. But she is not, I can tell you. Victoria is never ill, whereas the Russian Empress is dying rapidly.

TALL MAN. Then what's the matter with the English Queen?

SHORT MAN (*confidentially leaning towards the ear of the other*). Conservatism!

TALL MAN (*who isn't well up in English politics*). What's that? Some new disease?

SHORT MAN. No, a very old one. She has been suffering from an attack of it for nearly six years past, and that's what makes her look so ill.

STOUT MAN (*who is one of the trio, but has hitherto remained silent, to* TALL MAN). Wie dumm ist er! It's just the reverse of what he is telling you, Herr Schultz. The truth is that the Queen of England received a telegram the other day telling her that the elections would be against the Conservatives, and that a Liberal Government would most likely be formed in a few weeks' time, with Gladstone, not Hartington, at its head. That's what's troubling her, if she is not looking well.

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THE mention of the ex-Premier's name in the foregoing colloquy reminds me that one of his sons, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, has been appealing, through his election committee, to many wealthy persons for aid to defray the expenses of his contest, and amongst these Lady Burdett-Coutts has not been overlooked by Mr. Morley, the chairman. There must have been considerable surprise felt by the fair occupier of No. 1, Stratton Street, when Mr. Morley's letter was opened by her. At any rate, it may be doubted if anybody at all interested in politics, save Mr. Morley himself, was ignorant of Lady Burdett-Coutts' sympathy with the Conservative Party.

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HER reply has enlightened Mr. Morley on this point. "Under the present circumstances of the world," writes Lady Burdett-Coutts, "the country needs above all things a strong Government, and since the Dissolution of Parliament in 1874 by Mr. Gladstone the Liberal Opposition has been too disorganised to offer such a Government to the country." Well, we shall all soon see whether the Liberals can form a Government of any kind.

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I HEAR that thousands of silly people, misled by the impudent assertions of election canvassers in the pay of Liberal candidates, have voted against the Conservatives under the firm impression that by so doing they are hastening the advent of that "good time" which is so cheerfully alluded to in Henry Russell's once popular song.

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FOR several days past the theatres have been half empty. Even the fascinations of the drama have had to yield to the excitement of election struggles of unusual severity.

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A WRITER in a contemporary, on reading that Mr. Francis C. Burnand founded the Cambridge A.D.C. just twenty-five years ago, exclaims "How time has flown since then! Why, Irving was unknown, and Ellen Terry must have been playing with dolls" [at that period?] Yes; but it must have been with her child's dolls. It may be, however, that the three words I have added within the brackets were intentionally omitted by the writer in question, whom I take to be the genial Mr. Joseph Knight. If so, the sentence can only mean that before Irving became known there was nobody but dolls on the stage for Miss Ellen Terry, now Mrs. Kelly, to play with. In either case a slight mistake has been made by Mr. Knight.

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I SAID a few words last week with the object of showing, among other things, that proficiency in music, however great, does not imply the practice of all the cardinal virtues, nor the possession of the highest order of intellect. Here is an instructive story bearing on the question. It is "adapted" from a foreign contemporary.

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TWO professors of the piano had a quarrel, and one of them grievously insulted the other. A duel was suggested, but neither of them could make up his mind, little though there was, to the use of any lethal instrument in the conflict, as they were both utterly ignorant of fencing and shooting. It was probably some wag who at last hinted that the most *harmonious* way of settling their difference would be by a musical contest on the piano. The proposal found favour in the eyes of both, and it was accordingly arranged that they should sit down to their respective pianos, attended by their several seconds, and for forty-eight hours continue to play without a moment's inverval.

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DURING this appalling performance they were neither to eat nor drink, and, as I have already said, not an instant's rest was to be taken until the two days and nights were ended.

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IN accordance with the terms of the *cartel* no dance music was to be played, a serious stipulation for the seconds, as *they*, at any rate, might have beguiled the tedious hours on what somebody described as "the light fantastic toe," always supposing that both musicians played the same tune. It is reported that one of these merciless combatants selected a piece from "Il Trovatore," and fiercely dashed over the keys of his instrument for a long time.

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DREADFUL as the proceeding may appear, the implacable professor of music went on, though not without showing signs of exhaustion, till he had played the "Miserere" one hundred and fifty times without an instant's pause, and his adversary displayed equal determination at his instrument. The sufferings of the unhappy seconds I can easily imagine.

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AT the one hundred and fifty-first performance of the "Miserere" the executant faltered, his fingers ceased to move, and he bent forward with his head resting on the piano. When raised he was a corpse.

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HIS adversary had purchased victory at almost as dear a price, for at the termination of the contest he rapidly collapsed, and, when the last mail left Valparaiso, was lying at a hospitable in a most deplorable condition. I suspect that the seconds are also lying—somewhere, if this is their version of the story. They, too, are said to be suffering much from the shock to their intellectual faculties; but this, at least, must be an erroneous statement, for it is impossible they could ever have had any.

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THIS seems to be the age of queer club undertakings. The last new thing in associations of the *quasi*-social kind is called, *mirabile dictu*, the Arts and Literature Dilettante Society—a name which has the charm of

novelty, to say the least of it. The society in question as I learn from the advertisement of it, is in course of formation "for the encouragement of rising artists." To my mind the encouragement of artists who were *not* rising would be a much more laudable proceeding. Those who are don't need the assistance of the Arts and Literature Dilettante Society.

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But I must also mention that this association professes to undertake something more than what has just been stated. It is going to provide for the "education and recreation of the public by means of art criticism"—a vast enterprise as most people know—and to establish "a club association with novel entertainments and opportunities for musical practice"—I shall take care to pass by on the opposite side whenever the practising is going on—"and private theatricals, debates, and art criticisms."

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BUT who are to supply the literary element which is mentioned in the name of the club? Indeed one might also ask who is to promote "the education and recreation of the public" by delivering art criticisms. Surely the same persons who provide the "déjeûners, luncheons, afternoon teas, and suppers"—*vide* advertisement—are not to be the critics.

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AS I intimated last Tuesday, the new comedy called "Cobwebs" is to be immediately withdrawn from the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre, and in its place an old three-act farce, first played at the Haymarket Theatre in 1834, is to be once more placed before the public. The title of this piece is "Married Life." It remains to be seen whether there is any kind of life in it.

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I NEVER had trichinosis, perhaps because I never eat American pork; but this is not the only way of getting that disease, a discovery which I gratuitously place at the service of the Royal College of Physicians. Trickynoses, as most people pronounce it, may be produced by the use of Alexander Ross's "nose machine." This contrivance, according to the statement of the inventor, requires to be applied to the nose daily for one hour, and ere long an ill-formed nose becomes "shaped to perfection."

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I HAVE never seen such a result produced myself; but I have been present when the shape of a *well*-formed nose has been changed for the worse in much less time than an hour.

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GODFREY TURNER has been discoursing most eloquently on salads in the leader columns of the *Telegraph*. Whenever you see an article in that flourishing journal referring to any culinary preparation be sure it is from the pen of that worthy journalist. Poor Mr. Dick, as David Copperfield soon discovered, was unable, for the life of him, to keep the head of Charles I. out of the memorial, however often it was re-written. Mr. Godfrey Turner seems to labour under a similar difficulty in writing an article without alluding to gastronomy.

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WITHIN the last few years vast numbers of people have fallen into a habit of beginning their letters to perfect strangers with "Dear Sir." Mr. Gladstone and his followers were among the first to adopt this artificial friendliness of style. Thus the Liberal candidates for the county of East Surrey, whom I never saw to my knowledge, have both written to me letters in which they assure me that I am "dear" to them. Nay, they go further in epistolary conventionality than any one not on my visiting list, for they declare that they "remain" mine "sincerely."

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WELL, I certainly never was *theirs* sincerely, nor shall I be to-morrow when the polling commences.

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A PROVINCIAL newspaper says that the Emperor of Russia is not allowed to eat or drink anything until it has been tasted by a medical man, and that he never approaches a stove or a fireplace, because there may be dynamite or some other explosive substance hidden in the fuel; so, observes the paper in question, "his Majesty is having a warm time of it." As the weather has been rather severe at St. Petersburg of late, I venture to doubt the exactitude of this conclusion.

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AGAIN, I wonder who the unhappy doctor is that tastes all the food and liquids prepared for the Emperor. Has this obliging medical gentleman lived chiefly on poisons during his past career, and so ensured himself comparative immunity from their effects, while at the same time cultivating his palate to such perfection in toxicological research as to enable him to detect the flavour of a poison, when it has any, at the first mouthful? I pause for a reply, but I am not very seriously in want of one.

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INDEED, I have it on good authority that the Emperor accepts the difficulties of his position with the utmost calmness and cheerfulness, and is by no means afraid to sit by his own fireside or to take his dinner. Like Æneas of old the Czar, in substance says to those around him:—

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

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MR. W. G. WILLS has a paper in the April number of the *Theatre*, in which he stoutly defends himself from the frequent objections which have been urged against several of his pieces during the last twelve years. According to Mr. Wills, these objections are his want of historical accuracy, or, as I should mildly express it, his flagrant violation of great historic truths. Mr. Wills tells his select circle of professional readers that sufficient freedom in dealing with events of the past is not "conceded by pedantic critics, who love to retain their easily applicable tests of merit and foot-rule laws by which to measure genius."

***

WHOSE genius, Mr. Wills? If you mean—and it is tolerably obvious that you do—your own genius, I should deprecate, for one, the task of measuring it by any kind of rule, whether great or small. One hasn't time enough to engage in sciomachy, and it must be admitted by everybody, except Mr. Wills, that it would require a vast amount of leisure to discover genius in his plays, but still more to find an instrument minute enough to effect an accurate measurement not of the extent, but the limits of this genius.

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AN indignant correspondent of a daily contemporary has written to say that he saw a Conservative placard in a public-house on Sunday to the following effect:—"Wanted, 10,000 cabs on polling-day," and then came an address in Westminster. Well, the most that the enemies of Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Smith can say is that these gentlemen are not wanting in *cab*price, however steadfast they may be to their party.

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I PERCEIVE that the secretary of the new Lotos Club announces that "a pretty bijou theatre will form part of the establishment, where amateur performances can be organised." As this association has been advertised as mainly composed of actors and actresses, one fails to imagine what such Lotophagi want with a theatre in their club-house. THE CHARITABLE GRINDER.

AT THE PLAY.

LAST Wednesday Mr. D'Oyly Carte arrived in England.

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THE poor little Midshipmite of the "Children's Pinafore" died of acute rheumatism on the 26th ult.

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MR. J. SCANLAN leaves England for America to-day (Tuesday).

THE UPPER CRUST.

A New and Original Comedy by HENRY J. BYRON, Folly Theatre.

CAST.

Lord Hesketh	Mr. John Billington.
Sir Robert Boobleton, Bart.	Mr. E. W. Garden.
Mr. Barnaby Doublechick ...	Mr. J. L. Toole.
Walter Wrentmore	Mr. E. D. Ward.
Kate Vennimore	Miss Roland Phillips.
Lady Boobleton	Miss Emily Thorne.
Norah Doublechick	Miss Lilian Cavalier.
Tibthorpe	Mr. T. Sidney.

THE extraordinary success of "Our Boys," despite the comparative failure of "Our Girls," invested the promise of a new comedy from the facile pen of the same author with unusual importance. It is true that some head-shakings arose out of the statement that it had been specially prepared to display the humorous characteristics of Mr. Toole, for one-part plays are usually more satisfactory to the principal player than to the critical public; but in this case the interest of the part and the play are so happily united that we do not discover any sacrifices made to ensure the former's dominance at the other's expense. As the idea embodied in "Our Boys" is found in the story of the "Upper Crust," it was to be expected that here and there reminiscences of the former would arise in the latter. They do. But still, without displaying much originality of conception, treatment, or force of imagination, Mr. Byron's new comedy must be pronounced a decided success.

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MR. BARNABY DOUBLECHICK has retired into the country upon a fortune realised by the sale of the "Diaphanous Soap" bearing his name. He is proud of his self-made consequence and of his great wealth, but does not meanly ignore the lowly origin of his good fortune. The great ambition of his life is to make the acquaintance of the noblemen and the landed gentry of the locality, "the upper crust," and win a titled husband for his only child, Norah.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

PRETTY HORSEDEALER: So that is your notion of a thoroughbred?
OSTLER: Yes, my lady.
PRETTY HORSEDEALER: Well, I don't know; but it strikes me he is more like a thorough biscuit!

AND, of course, Norah is already in love. Equally of course her lover is of lowly origin and uncertain parentage, being one of her father's former apprentices at the soap works, named Walter Wrentmore.

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WALTER has become a clever and prosperous architect, and he comes into the locality to superintend the erection of a new Town Hall, for which his design was accepted. Doublechick has played the leading part in heading and organising the subscriptions for this building, and he offers the hospitality of his house to the architect.

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THE lovers again brought together renew their old love-making, of course. And the course of true love, of course, does not run smooth. It is indeed doubly "rough upon them," for Mr. Doublechick, having secured some needy aristocratic friends by lending them money, schemes not only to win Sir Robert Boobleton, Bart., for his daughter's husband, but also strives to bring together in the way of matrimony good-natured Kate Vennimore, the haughty Lady Hesketh's niece, and Walter, the architect, his former apprentice.

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COMPLICATIONS of course arise, begetting amusing situations, in which Mr. Toole displays his best points in their most effective condition. The action is brisk and full of life, the merriment of the audience rapidly increases, and the interest at the same time deepens. Each character is boldly marked, and the acting throughout is good.

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HOW Boobleton's match with Norah is broken off by Kate's amusing little scheme, and how the vanity of the old soap-maker is suddenly brought into opposition and conquered by a father's natural love for his child and the self-made tradesman's more natural and manly pride, and how for his reward Wrentmore turns out to be Lady Hesketh's son, are not all these things visible nightly at the Folly, where Mr. Byron's smart dialogue and witty sayings give them a vigour and spirit far beyond the reach of briefly descriptive sketchy paragraphs?

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REPORT says "The Upper Crust" was originally written for Messrs. James and Thorne, who didn't like it. They preferred "Cobwebs."

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MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S much-talked-of burlesque opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," was produced at the Opera Comique on Saturday night. The story turns upon a mistake made by a nurse, who being instructed to apprentice her charge, the youthful Frederic, to a pilot, horrible to relate, apprentices him to a pirate—one of old melodramatic, transpontine grimness. Having honourably served his time, Frederic as honourably announces to the pirates his intention of taking immediate steps for their absolute destruction. His late dreadful comrades deeply regret that he should feel it due to his character to take such a step, but sorrowfully resign themselves to the inevitable. So Frederic departs, taking with him his middle-aged nurse, with whom, on the strength of her statement that she is beautiful, he melodramatically falls in love. When he finds she isn't beautiful he falls out of love.

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THE story, which is full of similar grotesque absurdities, is, however, too long for our space. The idea of the pirates being all orphans is funny, and their consequent practice of sparing the lives of orphans brings about events which keep up the spirited action and go of the little opera with the best possible effect.

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THE music is fresh, bright, and telling, although in parts we have certain striking reminiscences and suggestions of Mr. Sullivan's previous efforts. The songs are sure to be popular, especially the policemen's chorus, "When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling," and the duet of the second act between Frederic and Mabel, one of the twenty daughters of a conscientious Major-General who, having induced the pirates to spare his life by falsely proclaiming himself an orphan, wanders about in a terrible condition of unrest, his conscience troubling him.

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"NAVAL CADETS," at the Globe, reproduces charmingly the sparkling lightness and prettiness of M. Genée's music, although it certainly—if we except Madame Dolaro—gains nothing from the vocalists employed by the management, and receives no aid from the additions of adaptors.

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THE Hanlon-Lees, at the Gaiety, give us a bit of wild and extravagant fooling, which is sure to remain attractive to all who love hearty laughter and for many a night to come is likely to draw crowded house.

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REPORT speaks of another London theatre in Northumberland Avenue under the management of Mr. Sefton Parry.

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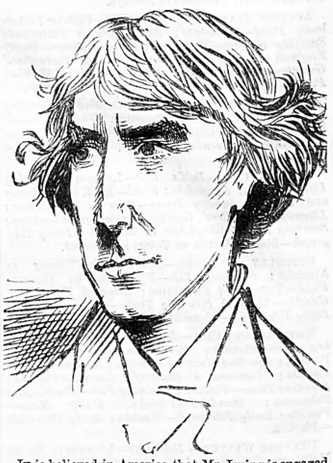

IT is believed in America that Mr. Irving is engaged to appear in New York at Mr. Wallack's theatre.

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MR. H. SPRY is already engaged for Messrs. Sanger's next pantomime at Astley's.

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A NEW drama, by Sir Charles Young, called "Faustine," is to be produced in London at a performance in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, in which Lady Monckton and the author have promised to play.

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MR. NEVILLE has, it is said, something new in preparation for us at the Adelphi in connection with the forthcoming revivals.

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THE adaptation of Mr. Sardou's farce or comedy at the Royalty, under the name of "Themis," is the story of a studious, quiet lawyer (Mr. C. Ashford) who determines suddenly to lead a life of pleasure, and plunges into a series of adventures with a young lady who has never led any other life (Miss Rose Cullen). It goes with briskness and vivacity, and wins many a hearty laugh.

"COBWEBS" is to be removed this week. This news will delight the critic who owns the above face, which was sketched from life on the first night of its performance.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Conditions.

The Proprietors of SPORT offer every week to those who select the greatest number of winners—

£5

in prizes, divided into two portions:

£3, 1st Prize,
and
£2, 2nd Prize.

The next competition will be in connection with

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING

(Commencing 13th April).

To the gentleman who selects most winners at this Meeting £3 will be given, and the second best will receive £2. Ties to be divided. Selections must be made for all the races named—taking one horse for each event—on the accompanying form, and sent to the

Editor,
"SPORT,"
325, *Strand,*
London, W.C.,

not later than by the first post on Tuesday next, 13th current. The real names and addresses of the successful competitors to be sent in confidence to the Editor, but a *nom de plume* may be adopted for publication. The result of the competition will appear in SPORT of the following week, and the money will be forwarded every Tuesday.

TO BE CUT OUT AND SENT TO THE EDITOR.

WINNERS AT NEWMARKET (13th to 16th April, 1880).

Race.	Horse.
1. 22nd Newmarket Biennial	.....
2. Double Trial Plate.....	.....
3. 21st Newmarket Biennial	.....
4. Column Produce Stakes	.....
5. Newmarket Hanpicap	.....
6. Craven Stakes,.....	.....
7. Newmarket International H'cap	.....
8. Port Stakes.....	.....

Name .....

Address .....

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